SAC STEALS the TOIKE OIKE

The Official Newspaper of the University of Toronto Engineering Society, Est. 1906.

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SAC WINS CHARIOT RACE

It will be a day that will never be forgotten (until next year anyway). January 12th, 1995. Jokingly, the Engineers invited the Great, and Powerful, SAC to run in their yearly chariot race thinking that it would bé a good chance to humiliate them. "How CAN they win?" Engineers were heard laughing days, even weeks, before the race "Even the F!rosh will beat them!"

The Day of the Race:

The vehicles lined up on field, cheering the Engineering songs and slandering each other with phrases such as:
"We're better than you!" "No you're not!"
"Are too!"
"Are not!!"
"My brother will beat your brother up!"
"My father's bigger than your father!"
"EngSci sucks!"
"I'm telling the DEAN you said that!"

Then the deceiving SAC chariot emerged, pulling into the starting line with the rest of the groups, only a fraction of the manpower in their team compared with others. The Engineers began to laugh and call them names, until a deep voice bellowed from the SAC Driver: "Do not underestimate the POWER of the DARK SAC!" Fear suddenly engulfed the crowd. A number of F!rosh blockers peed their pants and were ejected from the race for hiding biological weapons.

At the firing of the MIGHTY CANNON, the race began.

"Squishy head - squishy head!" SAC screamed as they drove over hordes of on comers.

As the dust and snow settled, and the were bodies removed from the field, the SAC chariot pulled up to the finish line - all onlookers laughing at their sight. Their chariot was a mere skeleton of it's original beauty.

SAC Prez, fearlus leadur, Garreth Spangletti turned to the judges: "We went around twice! And we even beat your pesky F!rosh." The judge consulted himself for a moment, and realized that they HAD gone around twice, beating every team on the field. But already, all the teams had left, wrongly declaring themselves champions! "You win." He whimpered, and left for home, his tail between his legs.

The Mighty SAC Chariot and the fearless BLUE CREW - Dimplomatic Power and Chariot Race Champions!

This was said at the SAC victory party later that afternoon: "Those Engineers! Always going on about themselves... their BFC, their LGMB, their cool jackets. At least we know SAC is better than SOC. We are the most POWERFUL governing body in the WORLD! Aside from the... uhm... donation from the Pharmacy students just before the race to... uhm... enhance our administration power, we did it all on our own. Didn't even haf'to call the campus police to have them all arrested for treason against the crown."

The Toike Oike

Eng Soc's Official Newspaper

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Disclaimer:
The Toike Oike is a humour newspaper designed to entertain and (mis)inform its readers. The opinions expressed within this newspaper are those of the authors, and do not necessarily represent those of the U of T Engineering Society, unless so indicated.

Questions, comments, articles and bomb threats may be forwarded to:

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Editurd's Word

Well, another Toike Oike is finished, and for those of you who are counting (and those who can count), that's two this month. Yep, we here are the Toike Oike office are trying to fulfill your need for humour. And for those who are really starved for some laughter (or just really lonely or looking for something different to read) there will be ANOTHER Toike published in only THREE WEEKS! Thank God for Thesis! Otherwise I wouldn't have enough time to put all the work that goes into making a Toike... But I don't want to take all the credit, the submissions from other students are great. And all the help that I get from the staff is nearly inexhaustible.

So, now that HOCKEY is back on again, it's time for a little blurb about that:

I lined up for an hour and a half to get Leaf's tickets... I got six... and I went to the first game with some friends of mine. Some of you might remember me yelling "Who wants tickets... Tickets here!" in the cafeteria or in Eng Soc. The game was great, and I expect the rest of the season to be great too!

Well, my time is limited, so I'll make this a short (and yet again, meaningless editorial).

Later,

Editurd n'Cheif

Tim Redford NΨ 9T4+1

University of Toronto Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering

Office of the 9T7 Chems

Faculty Regulations for Common Rooms

1. All common rooms in this faculty are to be used for Academic Purposes Only!

2. Furthermore: The use of any common rooms to promote activity which hinders academic growth of other students is inconsistent with the purpose of the rooms, and is not permitted. Examples of unacceptable activities include video games, pool tables, couches, jitono, cards (especially MAGIC, bridge, Euchre and Brisk), smokers and eating salads which are not fully dressed.

These regulations are designed to promote an atmosphere in which ass students can pursue their academic programs, as well as discourage wastage of our human resources. Violators are subject to having all their U of T common rooms closed down, and/or other disciplinary action under the provisions of the University of Toronto Code of Student Conduct and the Communist Manifesto.

Enforcement of Faculty Common Room Regulations

Maintaining the integrity of our common rooms is everyone's responsibility. Although university staff are monitoring the use of our facilities, the assistance of students is also required in this regard. If you see an individual using common rooms anywhere in this Faculty in a manner that you believe to be inconsistent with regulations, please note down thess following information:

The time
The date
The common room
The exact nature of the offense (description of what is being done/ displayed/thought)

Send the above information to Professor Big Brother. This can be done via a hand-written note (signed or unsigned) and delivered to the Engineering Registrar's Office, GB 157. Or you can e-mail the information to commie@squeel.ecf. It is not necessary for you to speak to the common room abuser yourself.

Professor Brother will then determine the identity of the abuser and the type of activity in which the abuser was engaged at the time that you recorded.

These facilities belong to all of us - Let's ensure that they are used properly!

By: Alex Barnes Chem 9T7
Tanya Hum Chem 9T7

Next Issue is the **VALENTINE'S Day** issue (Since Valentine's Day is during reading week, we're publishing a Toike the first day back just for you!)

We're reserving a **WHOLE page** in the **TOIKE OIKE** for letters to your loved ones (girl/boy friends, Profs, TA's, pets, your bus driver etc.) and we will print **ANYTHING** (as long as it makes it past our review committee... and we may even be able to sneek a couple of **REALLY JUICY** ones past them).

(Note: We may need to print NICKNAMES to protect the INNOCENT if the letters get too personal)

Mail all submittions or drop them into the TOIKE mailbox in EngSoc (address below) by Feb 14th, 1995.

The Toike Oike
c/o Valentine's Day Letters Guy
10 King's College Rd.
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Toike Oike Sports News

The date was Wednesday Jan. 25th, 1995. The day that Skule ™ upset the number one team from almighty Scarborough. For veterans like Alan and J.C. this had been five years in the making. The Skule ™ team dished out a mighty 15-11, 15-12 trouncing upon the heavily favored Scarborough. Lead by the HUGE play of Alan and the others every once and a while, Skule ™ not only defeated Scar, but caused them to receive two yellow cards and one red card. The entire gym will never forget the mighty block J.C. placed upon the opposition's star hitter. Varsity player Joel Blit did OK. Skule ™ did not miss a single serve (even Alan) throughout both sets. Afterwards in celebration the Skule ™ team combined their mighty skills and set out to solve not only World Peace but the O.J.Simpson trial, the Cadbury secret and all 4th year ENG SCI exams. Two more games remain in the season and then we are off to the playoffs ... all other teams beware ... SEGA.

Do you think you can make use of this space? If so, come out to the next TOIKE Oike make-up...
Monday, February 6th, 1995. 5pm-?pm in the Eng Com Office.

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You turned 1,055 tons of would-be garbage back into a resource. AND when combined with the amount of stuff you didn't use in the first place, you reduced U of T's trash output by over 50 percent! Amazing!

So what about the other half?

There's still a lot of paper and cardboard going into the garbage, still mounds of food, piles of food packaging and heaps of paper towels adding to the glut at the landfill.

Here's what to do

- double-side **EVERY** piece of paper you use (ask your prof to accept essays on two sides)
- make **SURE** your paper is recycled - use the **blue bins**
- make **SURE** your cardboard is recycled - **flatten it** and put it in the hallway
- **DON'T** use disposable cups - each day U of T throws out almost 10,000 of them! - lug a mug instead
- go to food outlets that offer REAL plates, cups, and cutlery
- **DON'T** take more food than you can eat
- use hand dryers instead of paper towels
- **DON'T** contaminate the recycling bins with the wrong stuff
- join an environmental organization and **get active!**

Want to Know More?

Call U of T's Waste Reduction and Recyling Hotline at 978-7080, and remember ...

it's not waste ... 'til you WASTE it .

TOIKE MAILROOM

*Despite rumours of a horrific death by freezing, the **Angry Serfs** heroically reclaim their mantle as Lords of the Lame Letters, Masters of the Shed and Keepers of the Sacred Flame Of Apollo.*

ChaRIOTs of AnGer

SO WHERE were we? The editurds would like you to believe that your intrepid protagonists **had their asses *iced*** by the December weather. Well, FUCK *them*. Give 'em the opportunity, and they'd have you believe that up is down, black is white, Elvis is dead, there's a *hole* in the ozone layer, and your mother...well...come ask us in person, *we'll* tell you **what they said about your mother.**
The stiffs in the shed were actually ice sculptures carved in our likeness, given in gratitude by yet *another* indebted government.

We *were* in fact aiding the Relief Effort in war-torn Chechnya. Valiant were we, as we handed out blankets, medical supplies and recuperative back-issues of the *Toike Oike*, featuring the Toike Mailroom. During one particularly hair-raising skirmish, we had to fight for our lives as a **CNN news crew** attempted to steal our hard hats. Nothing Mr. UZI couldn't handle.

Off to the races. The annual Chariot Race was held a few weeks ago, before the observant eyes of those prodigious journalists, us.
The building of a powerful war machine, necessary for success in the January Brawl by Conn Hall, was achieved inefficiently but successfully with several tete-a-tetes amongst **the first year braintrust:**

December 28: Meet in distant suburb of Where-The-Hell-Am-I, Ontario. Make up preliminary plans. "Liberate" materials from neighbouring construction sites. Spend hours disassembling skids for the wood. Send out War party to buy essential parts. While party is getting lost, fabricate superior plan for chariot. Play pool. Consume BEvERages. Tell the returning saps that they wasted their time. Make plan to meet another day. January 2: Meet in wasteland of Way-The-Hell-Out-There, Ontario. Confident Serfs leave work to others, go snowboarding. Maintained contact via short-wave radio.

Race Day: Most teams implemented the "Masses of Asses" approach, by fielding large contingents of blockers. The atmosphere was set by the mutual echange of iceballs, tomatoes, and EngSci brain (further fuelling the rumour that members of this discipline have no need for their WetWare once the microchips have been implanted). And the winners were...

FROSH DECLARED CHAMPIONS BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Even though the Mechs crossed the finish line first, the Frosh chariot was elected champ by writers affiliated with the Associated Press (in the fashion of U.S. College Football). Nation-wide wire services since January 14th have relayed the collected wisdom of the Canadian press.
We are not making this up. We would never deceive our trusting readers... intentionally.

Ah, the lights, the music, the atmosphere... it can only mean the **Cannonball**. The alcohol ran aplenty... but the engineers caught drinking it were few. Many were defeated by none other than the dreaded $6 drink. Let's try that again with call-outs: **$6 drinks**. Consequently, the cash bar was inundated with requests for water. A dry Cannonball you ask? We say thee Nay! Engineers on occasion braved the crisis to drink the valued nectar which quickens the heart before eventually stopping it with the price. Other than that, tumbleweed could be seen floating by the untouched bottles of liquor (but then again, where *did* the LGMB get all those BEvERageS?).

Oh yeah... the mail. How much of this senseless garbage can we fit into today's column? Let's see...

I'm writing to the Angry Serfs. I think they are stupid people who make the Toike look bad, and maybe someday people will just say none of this stuff is true and not read the Toike anymore. Then there will be more jobless people.
My sister hates this column too. She thinks that if someone was suicidal or something and wrote a letter to the Toike, that you guys would slam him/her and tell them to get a life and solve their own problems.

Kate, MMS 9T6

Since the beginning of this column, Kate, only three people have committed suicide as a direct result of Serf harassment. Incidentally, there are three corresponding student numbers painted on the side of our shed.
Since we do not get paid, we are already technically unemployed. So quit your bitchin' and whinin', get a life, and solve some of your own problems.
Sheesh.

You guys are really good at putting people down. You should sling mud for political campaigns. You would probably make more money.

Andrew, Comp 9T8

You mean some *money, don't you? Wallet stichers in Korea get more compensation than we do. But thanks for caring.*

Cool column. It only took me three issues to notice it.

Erin, Chem 9T7

Erin, we sincerely hope that there is a prominently displayed "Slow Children at Play" sign in your front yard.

Just call me Elvis.

Rono, Comp 9T8

Whatever you say, Rono.

If you'd like your pitiful correspondence mauled and ridiculed, drop it in the Toike mailbox
c/o The Angry Surfs.

Toike Oike's DEFINITIONS AND VOCABULARY (First Edition):

DATING,1.n. the process of spending enormous amounts of money, time, and energy to get better acquainted with a person whom you don't especially like now, but will learn to like a lot less.

ATTRACTION- the act of associating horniness with a particular person.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT- what occurs when two extremely horny people meet.

BIRTH CONTROL- avoiding pregnancy through such tactics as taking a pill, inserting a diaphragm, using a condom, and dating repulsive men.

EASY- a term used to describe a woman who has the sexual morals of a man.

EYE CONTACT- a method utilized by a single woman to communicate to a man that she is interested in him. Despite being advised to do so, many woman have difficulty looking a man directly in the eyes, not necessarily due to shyness, but usually due to the fact that a woman's eyes are not located in her chest.

FRIEND- A member of the opposite sex who is unattractive or has some other flaw which makes sleeping with him/her totally unappealing

INDIFFERENCE- a woman's feeling towards a man, which is interpreted to by the man as "playing hard to get."

INTERESTING- a word a man uses to describe a woman who lets him do all the talking.

IRRITATING HABITS- what the endearing little qualities that initially attract two people to each other turn into after a few months together.

LAW OF RELATIONSHIPS- the less you care about a given man, the harder he is to get rid of.

LAW OF RELATIVITY- how attractive a given person appears to be is directly proportionate to how unattractive your date is

NYMPHOMANIAC- a man's term for a woman who wants to have sex more often than he does.

POTATO CHIPS- the hors d'oeurvres served at a party given by a man.

SOBER- a condition in which it is almost impossible to fall in love.

LEGAL PRECEDENT

by: Heather Chant
MMS 9T7

Two men were walking down a street when they gazed with admiration at a well dressed and well curved cutie walking ahead of them. One of the men turned to the other and said, "Gee! I'd give $100 to spend the night with her!" To their surprise the young lady overheard the remark and turned around and said, "I'll take you up on that!" The man immediately accepted and, bidding his companion good-night, went off with the young lady to her apartment -- and they were soon in bed.

The following morning the man gave her $50 as he was preparing to leave. She demanded the rest of the rest of the money declaring, "If you don't give me the rest, I'll sue you for it." He laughed saying, "I'D like to see you try to get it on these grounds."

Next day he was surprised to receive a summons ordering his presence in Court as a defendant in a law suit. His lawyer advised him that she couldn't possibly obtain a judgment against him on such grounds, but it would at least be interesting to see how her case would be presented.

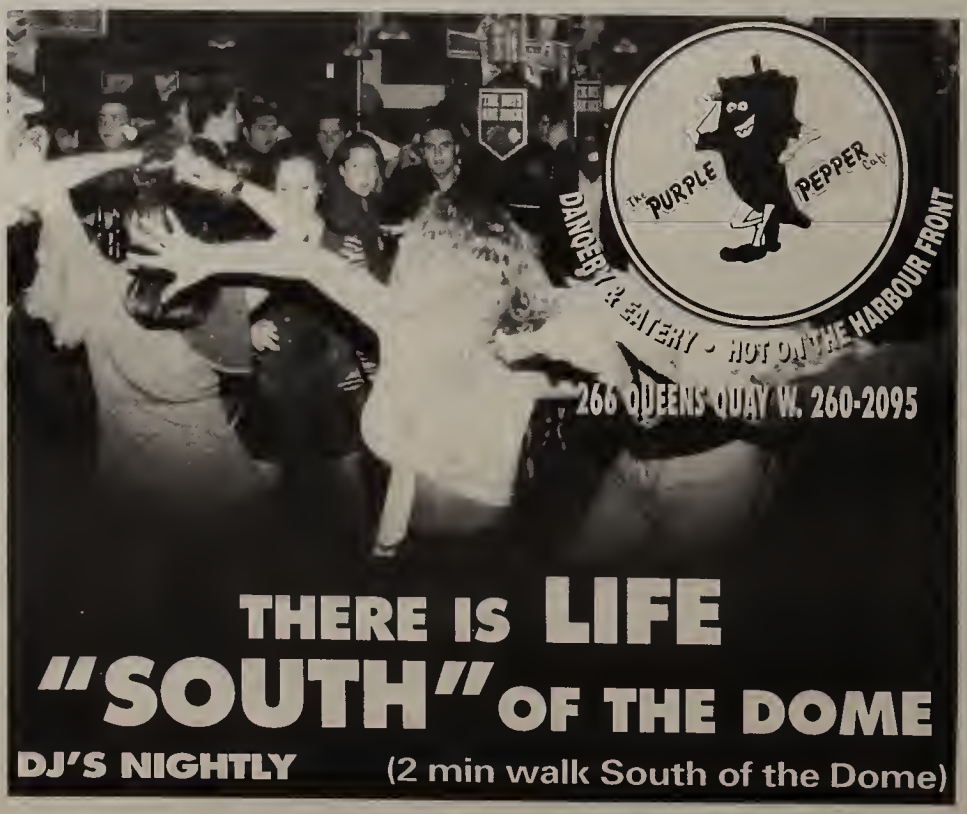
The young lady's lawyer addressed the Court as follows: "Your Honor, my client is the owner of a piece of property, a garden spot surrounded by a profuse growth of shrubbery, which property she agreed to lease to the defendant for a specified length of time for the sum of $100. The defendant took possession of the property, used it extensively for the purpose for which it was rented, but on vacating the premises paid only $50 -- one half the amount agreed upon. The rent was not excessive since it is restricted property -- extremely private and of great natural charm. We therefore ask judgment be granted against the defendant to assure payment to the plaintiff of the balance outstanding."

The defendant's lawyer was very impressed with the learned counsel's presentation of his client's case and stood up to deliver his defense, which was somewhat altered from the way he had originally planned it.

"Your Honor, my client agrees that the young lady has a fine piece of property, that she did lease such property for a time and a degree of pleasure was derived from the transaction. However, my client found a well on the property around which he placed his own stones, sunk a shaft and erected a pump. All labor being sufficient to offset the unpaid balance and that the plaintiff was adequately compensated for the rental for the said property and, therefore, ask that judgment be denied."

The young lady's lawyer came back with: "Your Honor, my client agrees that the defendant did find a well on the property and that he did make the improvements my learned friend described. However, had the defendant not known that the well existed would he have leased the property? Also, upon vacating the premises the defendant removed the stones, pulled out the shaft and took the pump with him. In doing so, he not only dragged the equipment through the shrubbery, but left a hole much larger than it was prior to his occupancy, making it, in fact, easily accessible to little children. Therefore, we respectfully request judgment be granted.

JUDGMENT WAS GRANTED!



News Flash:

In a surprise move, Microsoft chairman Bill Gates announced yesterday that he has purchased the entire calendar year of 1995. 1995 will be replaced instead by "Year-M" to be followed by actual 1995.

"Windows 95 was not going to ship on schedule," Gates said. "But we couldn't change the name again... people were starting to get confused. So instead of spending a lot of time and money on a new marketing campaign we decided just to buy 1995. That way we get an extra year to debug Windows and get it shipped for what will be the new 1995."

Microsoft arranged this coup by leveraging its financial assets to bail out the Federal Government and pay off the national debt. The IRS is being disbanded for next year, but taxes will be collected as usual with one change: all checks must be made payable to "Bill Gates." A side benefit of this purchase is that Gates now owns the judicial branch for the duration of "Year-M." Speculators stated that Gates would likely use this opportunity to dismiss the numerous lawsuits pending against Microsoft. Gates apparently feels this would be cheaper than actually hiring lawyers to represent his rickety cases.

In a related story, God has filed suit against Gates because of his purchase, claiming time to be the sole property of God. In a countersuit, Gates claims God is a monopoly and demands that he be broken up into "deity conglomerates."

"Gosh," said Gates. "They broke up AT&T... why can't we break up God?"

Inside sources at Microsoft said that Gates was looking for an early resolution to the suit by hiring God as a programmer. Evidently, God has the exact profile that Gates is looking for in a programmer: he doesn't mind rainy climates, doesn't need any money, isn't married, and can work for at least 6 days without sleeping.

"If we could just get some employees like that," Gates lamented, "we would be able to ship Windows 95 on time."

JOIKES!JOIKES!JOIKES!

The Hidden Brain Damage Scale (How to tell if your brain is damaged...)

1. People tell me one thing one day and out the other.
2. I can't unclasp my hands.
3. I can wear my shirts as pants.
4. I always lick the fronts of postage stamps.
5. I often mistake my hands for food.
6. I'd rather eat soap than little stones.
7. My throat is closer than it seems.
8. I'm being followed by a pair of boxer shorts.
9. Most things are better eaten than forgotten.
10. Pudding without raisins is no pudding at all.
11. My patio is covered with a killer frost.
12. I've lost all sensation in my shirt.
13. I've always known when to close my eyes.
14. I walk this way because I have to.
15. Walls impede my progress.
16. My toes are numbered.
17. I can find my ears, but I have to look.
18. I'd rather go to work than sit outside.
19. Armenians are comical in full battle dress.
20. I try to get out of bed at least once a day.
21. I've tried to bonsai my dog.
22. My plants don't trust me any more.
23. I'm still searching for the perfect pencil.
24. More people know about me than I do.
25. I get sleepy just staying awake.
26. The air is my best friend.
27. My cup does its job TOO WELL.
28. I am on a strict diet of non-biodegradable food.
29. I have more feet than my shoes.
30. Your friends call you Tom.

Top Ten Reasons to be a Chem

NOT

by Dave Dubins Chem 9T7
and Alex Barnes Chem 9T7

10. My high-school guidance counsellor mumbled something about chem. Eng. on his way to the bathroom
9. Org Labs + Thermo Labs
8. You get free copper wire in the first thermo lecture
7. All the toxic solvents you can inhale for free
6. You get to watch exciting safety movies like FLASHPOINT!
5. You get to ignore everything you learned in first year and start all over again.
4. BNAD albums make you ignore everything (and I mean everything!), they're that ...uhm... good.
π. You get to make BEER! (and then aspirin)
3. You can finally figure out that the "periodic table isn't just where the reference articles are located in the library
e. You're not allowed to pipette by mother (you can pipette with your mouth when they're not looking)
2. You can develop quick reflexes, essential for executive decision making, by playing TABLE SOCCER! (Jitoni)
1. You can graduate with a chemical engineering degree and spend your first 5 years working as the only P.Eng. in McDonalds. "Would you like some ketchup with your fries? It's completely miscible and had a dynamic viscosity of 23.6 kg/m s^2"
i. You'll be able to tell jokes like:
"Why did the methanol molecule cross the road?"
"...to get to the ether side!"

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Top Ten Sequels to Fivel Goes West:

10. Fivel goes to Vegas
9. Fivel goes crazy (musta taken the EngSci option!)
8. Fivel goes to jail
7. Fivel goes down
6. Fivel goes to the bathroom
5. Fivel goes where no man has gone before!
4. Fivel goes to a BNAD Album sale at the Engineering Store
3. Fivel goes up in smoke
2. Fivel goes under covers (porn)
1. Fivel goes to hell!

The Top Ten Careers for People with a Liberal Arts Degree.

1. Nothing.
2. Still nothing.
3. Get the point yet!!

The Top Ten Best Thnigs About CCES In Fredericton

10. Snoopies and Snu from Waterloo (o.k., maybe that wasn't so good)
9. The mediator in the plenary, from UNB, who should be on Letterman
8. Hospitality suites, hospitality suites, and more hospitality suites.
7. The Hilltop, Ringo's, Don Cherry's, and the Upper Deck (4 pubs in 4 hours)
6. Folk music sung by a cool old guy with nice legs and cheap CD's
5. The guy from TUNS wearing a kilt and the girl from Ryerson dancing with Sword (Awesome pipe-playing Torquil!)
4. Chilled lobster dipped in viscous butter
3. Guelph sticker on live lobster; Laurentian sticks at Gate 72; Waterloser stickers everywhere!
2. Speaking Newfanese, drinking screech, singing "Barrtt's Privateers", and kissing fish
1. The Social Club (UNB pub): 200 delegates/volunteers on a 100 sqft dance floor drinking "Prollin's? Collin" (sorry guys, I can't remember the name of that shot!)

Thanks to everyone at the conference who made the week fun and, definitely, a learning experience!

From the U of T girls
(of the North--eh)

A Scene From Star Trek: Generations II

by: Mauro Facca Mech9T7

PICARD: Mr. LaForge, have you had success with your attempt at finding a weakness in the Borg? And Mr. Data, have you been able to access their command pathways?

GEORDI: Yes Captain. In fact, we found the answer by searching through our archives on late 20th century computing tech-nology.

GEORDI presses a key, and a logo appears on the computer screen.

RIKER (looks puzzled): What the hell is Microsoft?

DATA(turns to answer): Allow me to explain. We will send this program, for some reason called Windows, through the Borg command pathways. Once inside their root command unit, it will begin consuming system resources at an unstoppable rate.

PICARD: But the Borg have the ability to adapt. Won't they alter their processing systems to increase their storage capacity?

DATA: Yes, Captain. But when Windows detects this, it creates a new version of itself known as an upgrade. The use of resources increases exponentially with each iteration. The Borg will not be able to adapt quickly enough. Eventually all of their processing ability will be taken over and none will be available for their normal operational functions.

PICARD: Excellent work. This is even better than that unsolvable geometric shape idea.

... 15 minutes later ...

DATA: Captain, we have successfully installed Windows in the command unit and as expected it immediately consumed 85% of all resources. We however have not received any confirmation of the expected upgrade.

GEORDI: Our scanners have picked up an increase in Borg storage and CPU capacity to compensate, but we still have no indication of an upgrade to compensate for their increase.

PICARD: Data, scan the history banks again and determine if there is something we have missed.

DATA: Sir, I believe there is a reason for the failure in the upgrade. Apparently the Borg have circumvented that part of the plan by not sending in their registration cards.

RIKER: Captain, we have no choice. Requesting permission to begin emergency escape sequence 3F ...

GEORDI: (excited): Wait, Captain; I just detected their CPU capacity has suddenly dropped to 0%!

PICARD: Data, what does your scanners show?

DATA: Apparently the Borg have found the internal Windows module named Solitaire and it has used up all the CPU capacity.

PICARD:: Lets wait and see how long this Solitaire can reduce their functionality.

... 2 hours pass ...

RIKER: GEORDI, what's the status on the Borg?

GEORDI: As expected the Borg are attempting to re-engineer to compensate for increased CPU and storage demands, but each time they successfully increase resource, I have setup our closest deep space monitor to transmit more Windows modules from something called Windows fun-pack.

PICARD: How much time will the buy us?

DATA: Current Borg solution rates allow me to predict an interest time span of 6 hours.

GEORDI: Captain, another vessel has entered our sector.

PICARD: Identify.

DATA: It appears to have markings very similar to the Microsoft logo.

(Over the speakers) THIS IS ADMIRAL BILL GATES OF THE MICROSOFT FLAGSHIP MONOPOLY. WE HAVE POSITIVE CONFIRMATION OF UNREGISTERED SOFTWARE IN THE SECTOR, SURRENDER ALL ASSETS AND WE CAN AVOID ANY TROUBLE. YOU HAVE 10 SECONDS.

DATA: The alien ship has just opened its forward hatches and release thousands of humanoid shaped objects.

PICARD: Magnify forward viewer on the alien craft.

RIKER: Good God Captain! The are humans floating toward the Borg ship with no life support suits! How can they survive the tortured of deep space?

DATA: I don't believe that those are humans sir, if you look closer I believe you will see that they are carrying something recognized by 20th century man as a doe skin leather briefcase and wearing Armani suits.

RIKER and PICARD (horrified): Lawyers!!

GEORDI: It can't be. All the lawyers were rounded up and sent hurling into the sun in 2017 during the Great Awakening.

DATA: True, but apparently some must have survived.

RIKER: They have surrounded the Borg ship and are covering it will all types of papers.

DATA: I believe that is known in ancient vernacular as Red Tape, it often proves fatal.

RIKER: They're tearing the Borg to pieces!

PICARD: Turn off the monitors. I can't stand to watch, not even the Borg deserve that.

Next Toike Oike

Make-up: Monday, February 6th at 5pm In Eng Soc

We need artists, writers, people gifted with the ability to brain storm!

Noooooo experience required... only a pen, paper and an appetite for PIZZA and BEvERages.

And remember, although the Toike isn't better than sex, it's still free!